

# Torrance Herald

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## A Place to Start

Old federal agencies never die—they just outgrow their original purpose.

Twenty-five years ago the Rural Electrification Administration was created to bring electric power to remote rural areas where private companies could not economically operate. Today, all but 3 per cent of America's farms are served either by REA or investor-owned electric utility companies.

Obviously, REA no longer needs to expand. Yet the appropriation for the next fiscal year sought by the agency is a record half billion dollars!

For what purpose? Chiefly, to make low-interest tax funds available to cooperatives to buy up private companies—not just companies operating in rural areas, but in urban areas as well. Originally set up to supplement private enterprise, the REA has now embarked on a policy of supplanting private enterprise.

Secretary of Commerce Luther Hodges recently called for a reduction in federal income tax rates. It's a good idea, but it can't be done unless Congress starts trimming the federal budget. Appropriations for REA would be an excellent place to start.

## Why the Secrecy?

The National Council of Senior Citizens, the organization lobbying for President Kennedy's Social Security medicare program, is chartered as a nonprofit corporation in the District of Columbia, which requires no financial reports. It has declined to open its books to reporters, and claims that it has obtained a legal opinion that it is not required to register as a lobbyist under the Federal Lobbying Act.

Recently, newspapers throughout California, and presumably across the country, received in the mail from Washington, D. C., an expensively printed 12-page booklet promoting "The Kennedy Program for Health Insurance through Social Security." It is unsigned. Among the statements contained in the booklet is that the cost of the program to the average worker would be about \$12 per year.

This figure is apparently based on government estimates that the program would cost \$1 billion a year. But as Raymond Moley, writing in Newsweek, points out, most actuaries put the figure at two or three times that amount. Not contained in the booklet is any reference to other Social Security tax increases scheduled, which as the Moley article makes clear, will raise employe Social Security taxes by 76 per cent in seven years to \$253 per year.

Containing, as it does, such flagrantly misleading propaganda, it is not surprising that the pro-Kennedy medicare brochure bears no sponsorship. But its appearance raises some interesting questions: was it produced and mailed by the National Council of Senior Citizens? And why should this organization not be required to register as a lobbyist and conduct its activities in the open just as the American Medical Association, which opposes the Kennedy medicare program, is required to do?

## Opinions of Others

As a rule of thumb, a million dollars of private investment will do more good than a billion dollars of government program.—West Point (Miss.) Daily Times Leader.

## Out of the Past

From the Pages of the HERALD

### 40 Years Ago

Interest in the development of the Torrance Oil District reached a point this week where men seeking investment are coming from all directions and looking over the new field. Leasing of land and lease trading has been more active than at any time during the past year.

About 50 citizens of Torrance met in Legion hall last Monday for the purpose of organizing the Torrance Athletic Assn. Hope was expressed that there is sufficient interest to assure a favorable first six months for the new organization.

A story rich in romance, bristling with adventure and sparkling with humor, gives Fred Stone just the sort of screen vehicle for which his talents are suited. The picture shows this week at Torrance theater.

Torrance Rotarians and their wives turned out 100 per cent last evening to witness the formal installation of Dick Smith as new president and to witness the "demotion" of Herbert S. Wood.

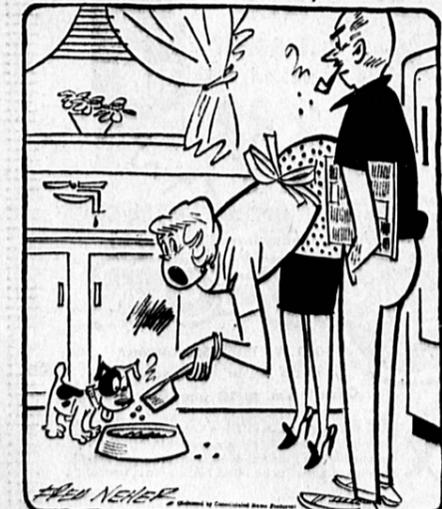
The Republican National Convention, meeting in Chicago, renominated President Herbert Hoover and Vice President Charles Curtis. Hanford McNider was the only other candidate who made a serious bid for the presidency. He is national commander of the American Legion.

Bearing the signatures of several hundred residents of this Southwest area of the county, a petition asks that the County Board of Supervisors refrain from institution of a dog licensing law. The opponents argue that it will be too costly for the county to collect the fees.

The HERALD of June 18, 1942 was loyally given over to stories and editorials associated with World War II efforts of the community to do its share. There were nine stories on the front page containing information about sugar rationing, an impending scrap rubber collection, establishment of casualty stations etc. The normal phase of community life in the first year of the war was not overlooked with a list of Torrance high school students, Flag Day observances, and a report that the city then had 4,651 registered voters.

### LIFE'S LIKE THAT

By FRED NEHER



"YOUR dinner isn't ready yet... It's the puppy who's on 'hedeule around here."

## Don't You Cross My Picket Line!



James Dorais

## JFK Stock at New High; Programs at Record Low

According to the public opinion polls, President Kennedy's personal popularity remains very high, despite the fact that many of the policies he espouses have no such degree of public favor and most of his programs have had very rough sledding in Congress.

What are the reasons for the Kennedy popularity? Partly, it has been suggested, that elusive quality of personal magnetism which caused teenagers to tear at Elvis Presley's clothes and their grandmothers to swoon when Rudy Vallee crooned. A more important factor doubtless is the singlemindedness with which the President himself works at the business

of promoting favorable publicity through the mass communications media. Newspaper correspondents and columnists who give stories a favorable slant are "in" — others are "out."

The New York Herald Tribune, whose objective stories on the Billie Sol Estes case reportedly won the President's displeasure, was chastised by public announcement of the cancellation of the White House's subscriptions.

The President's predecessor certainly was equally popular with the public. But he never basked in the plethora of sycophantic magazine articles about himself and the members of his family that appear, week after week, and month after month, about the Kennedys.

At what point, if any, does a law of diminishing returns set in as a result of over-exposure?

There may be a clue in the appearance last week of the President's sister, Mrs. Eunice Kennedy Shriver, at the University of Santa Clara, on the occasion of its 111th commencement exercises, where 4,000 proud parents and friends gathered to

watch the graduates receive their diplomas.

Mrs. Shriver delivered the commencement address before this captive audience. It was a strident, partisan political speech, devoted chiefly to glorification of the modest accomplishments of the Peace Corps, of which her husband is director.

Her brother, the President, was repeatedly mentioned. There was a plug for her brother, the Attorney General. Everyone in the audience — many of whom, in order to provide an education for their sons, had made sacrifices of a kind a person of Mrs. Shriver's vast wealth could not possibly understand — was exhorted to make sacrifices in behalf of a "domestic Peace Corps."

At the conclusion of this tasteless performance, a few men, scattered about the audience, rose to their feet. Was it a claque, stationed to encourage a standing ovation? There was none — merely polite, restrained applause.

Perhaps Mrs. Shriver just doesn't have her brother's charisma. Or perhaps the public is growing weary of hearing the royal family sing its own praises.

## ROYCE BRIER

## Even Rocketry's Flops Now Called 'Fruitful'

Some editorial writer called the recent space tests "fruitful," just the word from the viewpoint of space scientists, though the people, a very different breed, may have some niggling doubts.

There was a hallelujah when they landed a satellite on the back of the moon. They had hoped to get pictures, but the space jalopy sneaked out of sight and went plop! At least it stopped beeping, and here is no reason to doubt it broke up.

Then they dispatched a satellite with 95 tons of water aboard, and this was released 65 miles up, making a 300-mile ice-vapor cloud with touches of lightning. They are even talking of artificial tornadoes, though nobody has yet suggested any good use for natural ones. But maybe they need them in Kansas.

Then they announced the Pacific nuclear tests would include a small hydrogen bomb to be fired at an altitude of 500 miles.

This, they tell, will disrupt the inner Van Allen radiation belt, showering down particles, which may be replaced

in a century or so. But the scientists say it won't hurt a fly, flies will be glad to know.

Why not then try for the outer, or main, Van Allen radiation belt? Who ever dreamed up this planet, anyway, sticking a lot of extras on it like a hot rod — radiation belts, cosmic rays, magnetic fields and the like? They're probably just like tonsils, get rid of them and everybody will feel better. Besides, things can't be worse than they are, you hope.

The next project is a flashing satellite to help scientists fix their position on the globe.

Mighty ingenious, as nobody for years has known where he is, or too much of what he is doing, and this may well include scientists.

The confusion on all sides is getting interesting. Like, you see the word "Saturn" in a newspaper headline and you think we're going to shoot for the planet. But shucks, that's the name of the rocket, and it's zooming 400 miles instead of 800 million miles, some difference!

They have a new system

## A Bookman's Notebook

## Literary Rebels Take Slashing From Fadiman

William Hogan

One of the most sensible appraisals of contemporary erotic literature I have seen is "A Visit With the Bedroom Boys," an observation by Clifton Fadiman. This is an honest, mature rundown on some of our literary rebels without much cause, or "bright Joyce-ellings," as Fadiman puts it.

Fadiman's argument against these libidinal infernos appears in another of his fireside chats, "Enter Converting." Like "Party of One" and "Any Number Can Play" before it, this is a collection of civilized notes on a variety of topics — among them traveling in England, children's books, the literary life and American humor in the jet age.

Around the super-intellectual circuit, Fadiman in recent years has acquired a reputation as the classic middlebrow. But these essays, among his best, I think, make a great deal of sense. Perhaps even the super-intellectuals, if not the Bedroom Boys, might go along with him in most cases here.

These Bedroom Boys, often not disciplined craftsmen, might be among the first to howl "censorship!" when their shock appeal is attacked. They would have a much better case if Chaucer, Aristophanes, Casanova or Ovid were among them.

Here Fadiman states clearly what many of us have felt. We are all against literary censorship — and some of us have scars to prove it. Yet many of these gloomy, frenzied, unnecessary perverted portraits of lesbianism, impotence, voyeurism and the like do not in themselves suggest a literary renaissance.

Fadiman puts it succinctly. "Even if it could be shown that some of the Bedroom Boys would LIKE to be pornographers, I feel we must sorrowfully deny them the title. For they do not succeed in supplying the pleasure arising from the contemplation of lewd images."

Well, he may get arguments from the junior grade Henry Millers, and from Norman Mailer and J. P. Donleavy of "The Ginger Man" among others. But I think most would agree with Fadiman that, in the extreme, most of these immature talents deal with eroticism not as literature, but as a disease, a torment, a substitute for religion. In any event, Fadiman has his say on this and a variety of other topics, and I find him an interesting and provocative conversationalist.

True, he often oversimplifies: Thus, on the mind, "The overdetermined mind, like the overdetermined muscle, is subject to charley

horse." Maybe this sort of thing is why he is labeled a square in some quarters. Yet another quote out of context, on literacy, might apply to his Bedroom Boys: "Universal literacy is an American passion with serious, almost religious overtones, like golf, fishing, wall-to-wall carpeting, and hot lunch for school children.

This passion has been so fervently cultivated that now everybody can "read" and "write." What were formerly activities whose essential connection was with thinking have now become universal practices of small-muscle movements of the eyes and fingers, movements into which thought may or may not enter . . ."

## Around the World With



"We'd like to drift from place to place in Europe in July by car. No tour . . ."

You'd better not drift too loosely. Get some firm hotel reservations. This looks like the tightest year in all—British hotels were jammed this week and I could just get one room for a friend.

We ran into one man in Copenhagen who was drifting. He had plenty of trouble getting hotels all over. Had to stay in the most expensive in many cases. It shot his budget.

I'd get some hotel listings from the tourist bureaus of the countries—they're all in the New York phone book—and get those hotels lined up.

For Great Britain, there's an excellent chain of small English inns, all \$5 to \$8 a night average. Most of them historical. You get a list of them by writing Trust Houses, Ltd., 81 Piccadilly, W. 1, London, England.

"Aside from Mexico (we've been there) where for sun, sand, few tourists?"

If you can afford it, to Fiji. There's an out-of-the-world cruise to the primitive Yasawas on the "Blue Lagoon." Three-day cruises and 10-day runs.

This runs into islands where the natives only see copra schooners every few months. Warm, sunny, white sand beaches. Only 10 passengers. But you have to book this way in advance—write Captain Trevor Withers, Lautoka, Fiji.

If you can only make it to Hawaii, fly over from Honolulu to Kaula. Way off on the end of the island, on a great white crescent of beach and backed by a wonderful valley is Hanalei Plantation.

This is the luxury life—they made "South Pacific" here). About \$40 a day for two. But you have your own bungalow and that's with meals. Pamphlets from Lyle Guslander, Hanalei Plantation, Kaula, Hawaii.

" . . . the place to go on a three-day visit to Copenhagen?"

Tokenant—(means "the corner"). Food's good and inexpensive. All the Danes go there. You sit at community tables. Play the community piano or guitar, if you can. Everybody gets acquainted real fast. All day thing—lunch, dinner, late drinks.

"Can you tell me where I can get a few foreign hotel luggage labels?"

A London guide I have lists luggage labels at Morhams, 32 The Mall, Ealing W. 5, London, England. (But it doesn't list prices. You'd have to write.)

The same guide lists cheesebox labels from Miss A. Giles, Upwell, Cambridgeshire. And a collector of such items is known as a "fromologist."

"Our daughter is planning a bicycle trip with three other college girls in Europe. We wonder if this is safe? They are staying at Youth Hostels."

I never had any bad reports on these things. Hundreds of American and European kids do this all the time—the roads are full of them. Traffic is the main hazard. There is very little violent crime in Europe compared to America.

Tell her to bike off the main roads. The European drivers all figure they are racers.

"Is Shannon Airport still the best free port in Europe?"

I think so. This is an enormous shop of duty-free, tax-free goods from all over. Several companies from other countries (Sony of Japan and Telefunken of Germany) now have factories alongside the airport.

## Morning Report:

The nicest thing about the stock market is its simplicity. A child can understand it. Stocks either go up or they go down. It's as clear as a final baseball score. The wonder is that more sports writers don't become financial editors.

Of course, when stocks go down, everybody rushes in to explain why—even the Russians. Moscow laid it all to the "sharks swallowing the sardines." And Representative Patman, of Texas, said he would hold an investigation.

But when stocks go up, nobody investigates and nobody explains. I suppose that proves we are all optimists and take a rising market as our due.

Abe Mellinkoff

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